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WAR WHOOP AND TOMAHAWK

BY

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

THREE YOUNG CROWS AND OTHER BIRD STORIES

JIMMY: THE STORY OF A BLACK BEAR CUB

POLARIS: THE STORY OF AN ESKIMO DOG

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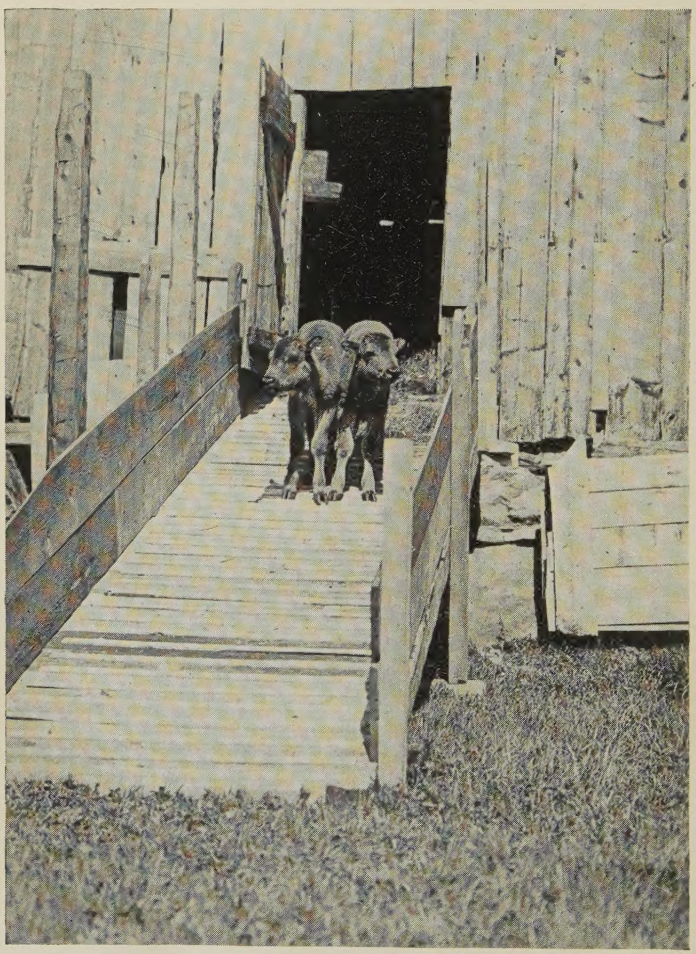
ANIMAL HEROES OF THE WORLD WAR

WAR WHOOP AND TOMAHAWK



War Whoop and Tomahawk.

WAR WHOOP AND TOMAHAWK

The Story of Two Buffalo Calves

BY

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author and Louise Birt Baynes

NEW YORK

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1929

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INTRODUCTION

I have known three lovers of animals whose work for them endures and whose personality transcended even their great work—Roosevelt, Akeley and Baynes. They have all died, but you cannot realize it of any of them. To those of us who survive, these three friends still seem present and successfully at work. It still feels exhilarating to work with them.

It is twenty-two years since I first saw Ernest Harold Baynes. Eighteen of those years he battled valiantly for animals and birds. Three years ago he died a more heroic death than any I have known, stricken with a malady hopeless from the doctors' point of view, but himself never hopeless while there remained a day in which he could add to our knowledge of animals. For with knowledge comes understanding and from that we develop inevitably a pity and a care for our animal relations. At least Baynes did, and pity for them kept him at work in their behalf even to the last moment of his strength.

That the understanding of life which he had gained might not die with him, Baynes worked at his manuscripts until the day before his death. Many a bird and beast would be grateful to him if they knew. They pay tribute to him unconsciously when they put their trust in the sanctuaries he created and gambol in the parks which developed out of the public sentiment he aroused.

The American Bison Society and the successful work for the buffalo in the United States and in Canada are the joint and continuing achievement of Roosevelt and Baynes.

The buffalo, like most of us, needs few things so much as understanding. Toward this Baynes contributes materially in this book-appearance of the writings that make up WAR WHOOP AND TOMAHAWK.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

New York,
August 6, 1929.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	ix
CHAPTER		
I.	THE HERITAGE OF MY CALVES	1
II.	SIDELIGHTS ON THE CORBIN HERD	13
III.	LOOKING OVER THE "RAW MATERIAL"	30
IV.	GETTING OUR CAPTIVES	43
V.	FEEDING THE CALVES	58
VI.	TWO NEWCOMERS	75
VII.	SOMETHING IS "PUT OVER"	81
VIII.	THE CALVES ARE YOKED—EVENTUALLY	91
IX.	THE TEAM IS PUT IN HARNESS	98
X.	AND EVEN HITCHED TO A CART	105
XI.	ALL ABOUT SAUCY	115
XII.	THE FIRST FAIR	125
XIII.	THE BOSTON SHOW	133
XIV.	THE LAST APPEARANCE	145

WAR WHOOP AND TOMAHAWK

WAR WHOOP AND TOMAHAWK

CHAPTER I

THE HERITAGE OF MY CALVES

SOME months ago, in one of the New York papers, a columnist in a facetious mood wrote that so long as buffalo robes had gone out of style, he didn't care if the whole tribe became extinct. To him, evidently, and to a great many other people, the buffalo is in a class with the curiosities of nature, though they used to admit that he made a fine decoration for one side of a five-dollar robe, and that he now does very well on one side of a five-cent piece.

Not everybody is that way, though. The people who saw War Whoop and Tomahawk—

not to mention Saucy—but perhaps it is better to let them tell their own story, and their story rightly begins with their ancestors.

Scores of years ago the buffalo ranged our plains in herds that ran up into thousands. Hundreds of years ago he had to be counted by millions. Our earliest knowledge of him is in 1521 when Cortez and his men paid a visit to the Halls of Montezuma. I suppose their eyes rested upon so many strange things that the buffalo was no more strange than many others. This is apparently true, too, of a shipwrecked Spanish sailor, nine years later, who thought more of giving food to his stomach than of giving knowledge to the world. He did say, however, that the flesh of the buffalo was finer and sweeter than the meat to be had in Spain.

In 1542, Gomara, one of Coronado's men, was more painstaking and he gave us an accurate description. The only serious mistake he made was in the tail which is not long but short as compared with that of the domestic ox. Gomara says:

All the way and plaines are as full of crooke-backed oxen as the mountaine Serena in Spaine is of sheepe. These oxen

Part of the Corbin Herd.

are of the bigness and color of our Bulls, but their horns are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore-shoulders, and more hair on their fore part than on their hinder part; and it is like wool. They have as it were an horse-mane upon their back bone, and much hair and very long from the knees downe their foreheads, and it seemeth that they have beardes, because of the great store of hair hanging downe at their chinnes and throates. The males have very long tailes, and great knobbe or flocke at the end; so that in some respect they resemble the lion, and in some other the camell. They push with their hornes, they runne, they overtake and kill an horse when in their rage and anger. Finally it is a foul and fierce beast of countenance and forme of bodie. The horses fledde from them, either because of their deformed shape, or else because they had never seene them. Their masters have no other substance: of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shooe themselves.

In 1871, Colonel Dodge, driving from Fort Zara to Fort Larned on the Arkansas, thirty-four miles, reported that for at least twenty-five miles of this distance "the whole country appeared to be one mass of buffalo." Yet, scarcely a dozen years later, this vast herd had shrunk to a few scattered hundreds.

On one of these pages you will see War Cloud and Rain-in-the-Face, the sires of War Whoop and Tomahawk. War Cloud is king of the herd, and Rain-in-the-Face would be king anywhere else. From their bearing you would never

suspect that they are the last monarchs of a pitiful kingdom that is vanishing needlessly. They don't look pitiful. For they are willing to stand on their merits if you will let them.

Aside from the sentimental consideration that the buffalo is our national animal, aside from the irony of having a national animal and then regarding him only as suitable material for a zoo, there is the practical consideration that he was and is a useful animal, for his hide is strong, his wool is soft, his strength is rugged.

And I thought of it this way. Man's greed and cruelty in past days can be remedied. We can look upon the buffaloes we now have, not as survivors but as progenitors, the beginning of a new race. The herd at the Blue Mountain Forest Reservation multiplied itself by five in the short span of some ten years. Then why do we say the animal is extinct? His development under proper conditions has only just begun.

From my study window, I could look out over the blue hills of Croydon Range, which was the home of the Corbin herd. Bison grazed on a hillside not far away, their dark brown bodies conspicuous as a silhouette against the light

Rain-in-the-Face.

brown grass. Sometimes, startled, they stopped grazing and raised their heads in alarm. Then,

War Cloud.

like a cavalry charge, they would drive down the mountain, their tails in air, their humps rising and falling as they moved with their peculiar

bounding which gave them a swiftness far beyond their bulky appearance. Under their mighty hoofs the earth would tremble, and the sound of their coming was the roar of an avalanche.

I am not one of those people who cannot look at a waterfall without translating it into terms of water power, but the energy and the vitality and the strength of these beasts impressed me. In the olden days his meat meant food to the Indian, but we can get along with other foods; his hide meant tepee covering, where wood and stone mean ours; his fur was fashioned into clothing, while we depend on cloths; his bones made implements which now must be silver or steel; his sinews were strung through bows, but our sportsmen demand bullets. No; if the buffalo were to survive, it must not be by any artificial preservation but by fitting himself into the plans of men. Could he do it? War Whoop and Tomahawk answer the question themselves.

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Part of the Corbin Herd in their Winter Quarters.

CHAPTER II

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CORBIN HERD

BEFORE we go into the more intimate history of those two calves, I want to tell you about my adventure in photographing the members of their herd. This will give you sidelights on the buffalo temperament and also on the various things we might be up against when we started to train the animals.

In spite of the fact that the first one I photographed positively refused to "look pleasant," chased me up a tree, and made matchwood of my camera, I still maintain that there is no subject more worthy of the photographer.

Fortunately for me, the greatest difficulty was no difficulty at all. Buffalo herds are hard to find. There are only about thirty places in the

whole United States, and one of them is Corbin Park which I could see from my study window. It was to this herd, the largest in the world, that I went with my camera to get a few "close ups." That they turned into "close shaves" was something I had not bargained for.

In order that you may understand my problem, I will say that, except in winter, when they are yarded in comparatively small enclosures, the animals are practically in a wild state, having the run of a tract of twenty-four thousand acres. Here from early May until December, the herd roams at will over the broad pastures, through the green valleys, and over the wooded slopes and the summit of Croydon Mountain.

As a rule, the buffaloes are found either all together or in groups of forty, fifty, or sixty, but there are a few old bulls which keep strictly to themselves during the greater part of the year, and it was one of those which gave me the first opportunity to use my instrument. He was grazing quietly on a green hillside, and I hurried home for my camera. When I came back the bull was not in sight, but soon I discovered him lying behind a bowlder, calmly chewing his cud.

National Bison Range, Montana.

His back was toward me, and walking around him until I could get the wind in my face, I began to stalk him. It was easy work, at least I thought it was, until I came nicely within range and began to focus. At this instant the wind changed, and the old bull sprang to his feet and was off down the hill with an easy bounding gallop that left me far behind.

I followed as fast as I could, keeping my eye on the flying buffalo as he half climbed and half jumped over an old stone wall, but I lost sight of him as he entered an evergreen forest. Twigs cracked and branches swished as he forced his way through. At the edge of the woodland his trail was plain. Footprints were definite in most places but beside this he had left a trail of hair which clung in little bunches to every dry twig he had brushed against in his flight. For a mile I toiled behind, when suddenly I came out into a little grassy clearing less than a hundred yards wide. A few spruce trees dotted this space, and as I brushed past one of these I almost ran upon the horns of the buffalo. I don't know which of us was the more surprised, but it was my move and I moved quickly.

With more speed than dignity I placed a spruce tree between myself and the animal, for if there is one thing a bison does not like, it is to be crowded, and at that moment I could see that two was a crowd to him. Since he was well able to back up his objections, discretion urged me to humor him. But what about the photographs? Here I had trailed him for the express purpose of taking his picture and my camera couldn't see him through a tree. I walked carefully out into the open. The bull lowered his head to the ground, he snorted furiously, and rolled his eyes until only the whites could be seen. I could see why Gomara's horses had "fledde." He pawed the earth, throwing the lumps of turf high in the air, and twitched his short tail well up over his back. Suddenly he dropped to his knees, laid the side of his head flat upon the ground, and rolled over throwing his legs in the air.

This was, of course, a splendid moment for a picture. I snapped the shutter . . . but I never developed the plate. With one mighty heave the bull lifted himself to his feet, dropped his head to the ground, and with a terrific snort he

On their way to winter quarters.

came toward me like a thunder bolt. I raced for the friendly spruce tree at my very best clip. In a moment I was safe in its lower branches but unfortunately my camera caught on a twig and slipped out of my hand. It fell almost

An old bison of the Corbin herd.

directly in the path of the bull. With a sidewise swing of his head he caught the instrument and sent it flying end over end into the middle of another spruce tree. I reflected shakily that the same thing would have happened to me had I been in his path instead of the camera.

The bull did not return to the attack, and after allowing him plenty of time to get out of the neighborhood, I came down, picked up what was left of my camera, and went home deter-

The bull snorted furiously.

mined to try again. The lens was not even scratched, so I fitted it to another camera, pushed a couple of sandwiches into my pocket, and went out again on the trail of the bull. I found him

Conrad Herd, Kalispell, Montana.

rubbing his head and neck up and down against the trunk of a young white pine, and breaking off all but the stoutest branches. As soon as he saw me, he made off at a fast walk, but I followed quietly and as he came to the top of a hill I got a long-distance shot of him against the sky. Once or twice during the afternoon he started to chase me, but changed his mind, and gradually he seemed to learn that my intentions were amiable. As he began to pay less and less attention to me, I approached nearer for pictures of him. Finally as he lay down and began to chew the cud, I took a parting shot, and went home a dozen exposures to the good.

It was not long after this that very early one morning I came upon a herd of buffaloes, a hundred strong, grazing on a bit of high land where they had spent the night. I set off after them but before I was quite near enough they caught sight of me. A few deep grunts warned the rest, and in a moment the whole herd went galloping down a hill, across a swamp, and into a wood. However, they had left the usual trail, the footprints, the broken branches, the tufts of hair, so

I hurried after them and soon met with an unexpected opportunity.

Parts of Corbin Park were once farming country and a few of the old farmhouses are still standing. As I came out of the wood I saw that the buffaloes had halted and were preparing to camp, as it were, in the rear of one of these old houses. I waited until some of them began to lie down. Then I crept cautiously up to the front of the building, quietly removed one of the windows, and crawled into a musty room, lifting my cameras in after me. I could see the whole herd from the back windows and by carefully opening one of these and by removing a pane of glass from another, I soon had all the animals within range. Presently some of the buffaloes began to move about and graze near the windows.

First, I got a picture of a young bull whose winter coat was still hanging in tatters to his sides. Next was a cow with her three-months'-old calf. As I released the shutter, the cow raised her head but it was dark in the room and she could not see me so she began to graze again. I made several exposures and might have made

A cow with her three-months'-old calf.

more but for my clumsiness in dropping a plate-holder which fell to the floor with a crash. Half a dozen loud grunts . . . all the buffaloes sprang to their feet. A few more grunts and, as though they were obeying orders, the whole herd bounded away. But even this I turned to my purpose for I took a last shot at them as they swung round a bend in the hills.

CHAPTER III

LOOKING OVER THE "RAW MATERIAL"

LONG before I thought of domesticating buffalo calves, I used to lie behind rocks or trees, or hidden in the foundations of ruined buildings, watching them as they punched their shaggy mothers with their hard little heads or, in the occasional mad stampedes, held their places in the flying herd, fleet and sure-footed as polo ponies. At times I was almost tempted to dash out and try to capture one, but a moment's reflection would show the absurdity of the thought. I might as well try to capture a jack rabbit; in the improbable case that I succeeded, as well try to hold a greased bob cat. And if I held it, I wouldn't be writing this story, for a buffalo cow is a savage demon or a protecting angel (according to your point of view) when her calves are young.

So when I decided to train the calves, I

The buffalo cow is alert and on the job.

thought that if there were a peaceable way of getting them I had better choose that way.

I went then to the president of the Blue Mountain Forest Association and told him what I wanted to do. He didn't ask me, "What do we get out of it?" Nor even, "Supposing they die?" He agreed that this was an experiment worth trying. "How many do you want?" he asked.

"Four," I said.

"All right. I'll give you an order for them."

Think of it. A thousand dollars' worth of the rarest big mammals native to this continent turned over with as little fuss as though I had said, "Got a lame duck to spare?"

The best time of year to choose the calves was April or May, for more of them are born then than in the other months. April it would have to be. I couldn't wait until May.

They are active, vigorous little creatures, mild-eyed as domestic calves, but possessing much greater strength and endurance. A few seconds after birth they can get on their feet; in twenty minutes they can fight for their lives. Not that this last is often required of them. The buffalo cow is alert and on the job for that.

Some years ago, a well-known nature faker told me he loved animals so much that none of them would hurt him. That impressed me so much that I invited him to meet any one of a dozen motherly old buffaloes that I knew personally. To sharpen his enthusiasm, I said that if she didn't kill him I would hail him as the modern Pan, and that if she did, the funeral expenses would be on me. He never came, and for that reason I suspect that he knows more about animals than he pretends.

A buffalo cow is not exactly a playmate at any time of year, but in the spring, with a newly born calf at her side, she is a self-discharging high explosive, and her temper is such that it doesn't take much to set the fireworks going. Compared with her, buzz saws and third rails are safety devices.

When April came, an editor friend accompanied my camera and me over to the Corbin corral, and while I might have had an idea of what we were in for, I am pretty sure he hadn't.

At the corral, we met Bill Morrison, keeper of the herd. Bill, I am afraid, didn't approve of my ideas, and while he said he came to help

us, I think he came to see that we didn't put ourselves in too much danger. He knew buffaloes and the ways of a cow with her calf. I think he suspected we might try to entice the young one away with a bunch of carrots and a wheedling "Co, boss."

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We were in the corral but a moment when the cows began to form a reception committee and the editor, a modest fellow who hates to have people put themselves out for him, decided that he could get a much better view from the branches of a tree. For a man of his years, his agility was remarkable.

"You'd better do the same, Baynes," he called from his perch.

"Oh," said I, in the superior tone which every author hopes to use to an editor once, "a bird's-eye view is all right for you, but I've got to be on the ground floor in this thing."

I took several photographs of the reception committee and one of the editor, and I was changing my plates, when I saw bearing down on Morrison from the other side of the corral a warm-hearted cow who felt that home folks should be given as much attention as strangers,

if not a little bit more. Morrison saw her, too, out of the tail of his eye, but he gave no sign. At a leisurely pace he sauntered toward the fence. The cow was coming like a runaway engine and death rode on her horns, but if Morrison quickened his gait no human eye could tell it.

He was not really indifferent. What looked like sheer bravado was precise calculation. He had been with that herd for sixteen years, was an excellent judge of pace, and knew his distances like a trapeze performer. Moreover, he was utterly fearless and cool as a polar wind. He stepped on to the fence . . . six inches in front of the buffalo's horns!

The cow had judgment, too. Seeing that he was going to escape her, she slid down almost on to her haunches to check her speed and prevent herself from plunging into the fence. At that instant I snapped my camera on them. "Got a picture of you that time, Bill," I shouted.

"Did ye get a gude wan?"

"Can't tell you, Bill, until it's developed."

"If ye don't think ye got a gude wan, I'll do it over again."

Six inches in front of the buffalo's horns!

That was Morrison for you, a man who was not afraid of anything with horns and hoofs, not even the devil himself.

Up to this time, luck was on my side. There was the editor up a tree. There was Morrison on the fence. I had nothing to do but snap my camera and I felt as isolated and safe as a movie camera man grinding out thrillers that are acted in front of him. Maybe I belonged in the class of the nature faker. Maybe animals instinctively realized that I meant them no harm.

Just as I felt secure as a charmer whose snake has drawn fangs, my turn came. Most of the buffaloes had moved off, but one cow with a tawny red rat of a calf peering from beneath her hairy throat stood in the center of the yard. They made a picture I had to get. The mother stood squarely facing me and I had her whole attention. She resented me from the tips of her horns to the tip of her tail. She pawed the earth and tossed clods of it over her shoulders. She shook her shaggy head, rolled her eyes, and grunted hoarsely at me.

I was a little too far away to get a good picture, so with my face down and glued to the hood

of my camera I started to walk slowly toward her. It was useless to hope that she would understand my good intentions. On the ground glass I could see her increasing agitation, but I kept on until I thought she would not stand another inch. Then I pressed the button . . . the lady did the rest.

If the whirr of the shutter had been her cue she could not have come on more promptly. She dropped her head and made for me as though she had been shot from a cannon. That much I saw . . . then I ran for the nearest tree. I had a fair handicap and I made the most of it. There are times when it is wise to play a waiting game, but this was not one of them.

In view of the fact that I am telling the tale, it seems superfluous to report that I reached the goal first. Just as I dodged around the trunk of the tree—and it was hardly more than a sapling at that—those murderously willing horns ripped the air close to my right shoulder and the savage toss of her head sent a whistling wind against my cheek.

It was this lady who taught me, if I needed the teaching, that "The female of the species is

more deadly than the male." A bull buffalo, under similar provocation, would probably have passed right on satisfied that he had taught me a lesson. The cow, having missed me, checked her speed by sliding, and, wheeling in her tracks, came back at me like a boomerang. She came right up to the tree, snorting angrily, and for half a minute we played an uncomfortable game of peek-a-boo, our faces no more than a yard apart. Then the cow, disgusted perhaps that I would not fight according to her rules, turned around and joined her calf.

As I came out from behind the tree, I met Morrison coming on the run, brandishing a big stick. I was laughing but he was not. "By the gods, sir! She came varra near gettin' you that time. Ah was coomin' as fast as ah could but it wouldn't ha' been ony use. Na, na, she would ha' tore you all to bits; that is, unless her calf had followed her; but you wouldn't ha' done ony more work for a year, I'm thinkin'."

That night as we talked over the day's adventures, Morrison said to me, "Still wanting the calves, are ye?"

"More than ever, Bill."

He scratched the side of his neck as though he couldn't believe there were people in the world who didn't know when they were well off. "Would ye like to wait a while and get more used to them? Or do ye want them to-morrow?"

Wait? I had already waited as long as I could. "To-morrow," I said, "By all means, to-morrow."

CHAPTER IV

GETTING OUR CAPTIVES

When, on the following day, I recalled my experience with the mother buffalo, I admit that the difficulties of getting the calves loomed almost as large as the advantage of having them. If a cow turned on me just because I wanted to take her picture, what would she do when I started to take her calf?

Morrison, however, once he saw that I was not to be turned away from my purpose by a few breath-taking escapes, said he saw a way to manage it. The several corrals adjoined one another and the quick-witted, nervy Scot, by nicely timed driving and the rapid opening and shutting of gates, eventually had the four calves in one yard and their waspish mothers in the next. This separation did not soothe either the parents or the children. The excited youngsters raced back and forth along the dividing board

fence and their furious elders raced with them, sometimes plunging into the fence in an effort to rejoin their offspring. We were in the corral with the calves and in all sincerity we prayed the fence would hold.

The next step was to capture the calves and put them into crates. I had a splendid plan for this. We would drive the calves, one at a time, down a chute and into a crate placed at the narrow end. I was proud of the theory—until we tried it. For, however much I might know that the calves would go into the crate from the chute, the fact was that they would shoot anywhere except into the chute.

We then decided to catch them by hand. The calves were tired by this time and their tongues were lolling out. Morrison had brought up reënforcements and there were five of us in the corral. Certainly five men could overpower four babies. Certainly? The calves were tired but they weren't conquered. No tame submitting to the inevitable for them. A calf would tear across the corral and when a man tried to stop it he would feel a hard thud somewhere below his waist line and down he would go into the

Over Croydon Mountain.

mud. Every one of us went down at least once before we caught a calf.

Presently one of them came past me, crashed right into the board fence, and fell at my feet. I thought he had killed himself but instinctively I threw myself upon him. He was only slightly stunned, and the next instant he was on his feet and I was off mine. I could not have held him for ten seconds had not two other men come up and thrown their arms around him. He kicked; he butted; he plunged. It seemed to me that he would get away in spite of us all. Then one of us seized his fore legs, another his hind legs, and a third grasped him round the body. When he found that he was really caught, he opened his mouth and bawled with all his might. All the cows in the next enclosure answered him and redoubled their butting of the fence. The three of us finally got him into a deer crate, and in the meantime the other two men had captured a second calf.

When the second one was put into the crate the fact that they had in us a common enemy did not make for harmony. There was a fight at once and they butted each other vigorously. A

little later, the remaining two calves were safe in the other crate and we left them to quiet down before they were taken over Croydon Mountain to their new home at "Sunset Ridge."

About this time, although I did not suspect it, Morrison began to have the second thoughts which the proverb says are best, and they made him leery of the whole business. He didn't say anything, but when the division of labor came up, it was decided that he and his bay mare would take the calves to my home, while I drove around the north end of the mountain to bring two ordinary domestic cows which were to supply milk for the calves.

Morrison must have been thinking long, long thoughts and it is certain that he didn't hurry any, for I arrived before he did. This was quite satisfactory to me, however, for it enabled me to put the finishing touches to a large wooden pen which I had built on the floor of the barn. The quarters of my brood were not palatial but they would be comfortable whether they chose to think themselves so or not.

About nine o'clock that night Morrison pulled in. The first thing he did was to ask to see the

The milk supply for the calves.

pen. I took him in and proudly exhibited my handiwork. He did not approve of it. He didn't say much but his silence said enough. He called for some boards and raised the sides of the pen more than a foot. He examined the doors and strengthened them. For upwards of an hour he examined and tested and worked before he vouchsafed his laconic, "It'll do now."

One at a time we placed the doors of the crates at the door of the pen and the least touch was enough to send the calves flying to the floor of the barn. They arched their backs like angry cats, erected their short tails, and reared madly about. We were using a lantern and this threw their moving shadows on the opposite wall of the pen. Whether these were active enemies or only fresh indignities mattered little to the calves. They charged and butted with complete abandon until it seemed as though the shadows must be welded on the boards.

This was another time when the nature faker's talents would have been useful. I wanted to make friends with my little charges so I went into the pen with them. They would not let me approach them but raced so crazily across the

floor and leaped so violently at the walls that I didn't stay long. I didn't want them to hurt themselves—and there were other reasons.

Then I remembered that if captive deer are placed in a dark room they will not struggle but

Making friends.

will allow themselves to be handled without resistance. Perhaps the same treatment would have the same effect on buffaloes. At any rate it was worth trying. I ordered the light removed, went back into the pen and began groping around to find a calf. For a minute all was silence and I thought I was on the road to suc-

I had chosen the best calves.

cess. Then one of the calves found me. Just where he hit me, I can't remember, and it doesn't really matter; then from another direction I got a stinging blow. Almost immediately the entire quartet had got my range and were catapulting me from all points of the compass at once. I started to retreat in fairly good order but one vicious plunge laid me low and the retreat became a rout. I scrambled out of the pen and bade the calves "Good night." Somehow or other I would evolve a new campaign for the morrow.

It was so late by this time that Morrison was to spend the night with me. I doubt now that he slept very much, for the buffalo calves were the pride of his heart and, since I had had my pick, I had chosen the very best ones.

Confident that some way or other the right plan of action would present itself, I got up early next morning and went out to the pen. The calves, wild-eyed and tense, stood ready to dash themselves against the wall at the slightest attempt to approach them.

Here I was joined by Morrison—or rather he made himself known to me, for he was at the

other side and probably had been there for hours.

"Well, what do ye think of them?" he asked, and all the signs showed that he would have welcomed discouragement on my part.

"They'll turn out all right."

"Oh," I said cheerfully, "they'll turn out all right. But I certainly have a job on my hands and will have for some time to come."

An indescribable look came over his face and I could read in it what was passing in his mind. He was dead sure I was going to kill all four calves and he was casting about for a way to save them without offending me. At last, with a smile

that would have melted an iceberg, he said, "I think two o' them will be all ye'll care to handle, sir. They're not like onything else, ye know. Ye can't do nothing with 'em. When ye try to make 'em feed, one of 'em will make ye dom tired, and then just think of it, sir, there'll be three more. Just let me take two o' them back to their mothers this morning and ye'll never regret it."

Sincerity ran through every syllable. I could see that he really wanted those calves, and there was much truth in what he said about two being easier than four to take care of. So I gave in. The two that were left were the sons of War Cloud and Rain-in-the-Face, and we named them War Whoop and Tomahawk.

CHAPTER V

FEEDING THE CALVES

MORRISON had gone, congratulating himself, no doubt, that he had saved two victims from a fate none the less dreadful for being well intentioned. War Whoop and Tomahawk remained, and they were hungry. However, if I had any notion that hunger would break down their resistance, I had to change it immediately. They were determined to starve rather than accept my hospitality. Here was the big Holstein with plenty of milk for them, and there were the calves with plenty of hunger, and it remained for me to find a way to bring the two

together. Why the way was not easy you will presently see.

The editor was staying with me, and he was taking the attitude of "innocent bystander." He didn't want to miss anything but, after his experience at Corbin Park, he did not want to participate too actively.

At first I went out to the pen alone and reported my progress to him. "Progress" isn't the word to use because actually there wasn't any. Beginning at ten o'clock, I brought out bottles of milk, and each bottle was promptly kicked out of my hands. One of them was kicked so hard that it shattered into a thousand pieces. The hungrier they got the angrier they got, which wasn't according to the best animal etiquette at all. But it was quite true, as Morrison had said, "They're not like onything else, ye know. When ye try to make 'em feed, one of 'em will make ye dom tired." I was getting "dom tired" but if a couple of calves could have persistence, so could I.

At three o'clock my persistence was wearing thin while theirs was going strong. I decided to enlist the aid of the editor. "There's work

ahead of us," I said. "I need your help if I'm going to get food into their pesky stomachs."

Although he didn't say so, I could tell that the editor's feeling in the matter was the same as the adviser of Little Bo-Peep, to "leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them." When the novelty of hunger wore off, he was sure they would be more amenable. I wasn't so sure, and I wasn't going to take any chance of having the novelty last until it was too late to save them.

"Come on," I said. "Once we get the nipples into their mouths we won't have any trouble."

That was the nicest way I could put it. Once the nipples were in their mouths we wouldn't have any trouble. The trouble was to get them to stand still long enough to insert the nipples, but I wisely refrained from saying that.

We went to the barn together, each carrying a quart bottle of milk with a rubber nipple attached to it. I opened the pen and held out my bottle to the nearer calf, hoping that this would show him I had his welfare at heart. He wheeled and, like a four-footed flash of lightning, gave the bottle a kick that any football

player might envy. It smashed against the side of the wall and the milk made a pool on the floor.

"Can't do it that way," I said cheerfully, pretending for the editor's benefit that this sign of displeasure was not precisely the same as I had been getting all day.

The editor, who deals in words, couldn't find any to fit his thoughts. He maintained an aloof silence.

"We can pen them in," I said. "That will make it easier."

With the aid of a deer crate we made a narrow stall in one corner of the pen. The calves were tearing around crazily, trying to jump the five-foot wall. As one of them swept past me, I tackled him, caught him, and backed him into the stall. One arm was over his shoulder, the other under his throat. He could not move backward or to either side. All he could do was to plunge forward, and he did that, kicking, butting, bellowing.

The air was full of hair and hoofs and good old hay as the calf sprang forward again and again, bellowing all the time as if he were being

murdered, as perhaps he thought he was. The editor stood dutifully holding the bottle as near to the calf's mouth as he could and delivering honeyed phrases that might have gone all right with a kitten but which were funny when contrasted with the calf's repartee.

"Come closer," I said. "Put the nipple into his mouth."

The editor did not like the idea. He stepped to one side and shook his head. "Look here, Baynes, any one who wants this job may have it. I don't want it."

Now there are times when, if a man has any profanity in his system, it leaps forth with startling suddenness. One of those times had come for me and the editor decided he'd take the job after all.

The calf was still bellowing but he was hot and tired from his exertions, and when he quieted down for a moment the editor thrust the nipple between the frothing lips. The calf spluttered a little but finally he seized the nipple and sucked as though he wanted to swallow the bottle. We let him have a pint and then set him free to try our luck with the other calf.

The calves stood quietly in a corner.

It is a pity that animals haven't a system of codes that will take in more than the ordinary emergencies. How simple it would have been for us if our convert could have said, "Hey, boy, it isn't at all bad." But we had the same old fight all over again, the same hoofs and hair, the same flying straw, the same plunging and the same bellowing.

I took what consolation I could from the thought that at least they wouldn't starve themselves to death that day.

In the evening at seven o'clock it was time for another feeding. I went out hoping for the best, but they had both forgotten the rewards of amenability and the two-ring circus was repeated.

At ten o'clock both the editor and I were willing to call it a day, but I knew the calves would be hungry in the night without another feeding. "Cheer up," I said to the editor who looked at me as though I were brazenly cutting the bonds of our long friendship, "maybe this time it will be easier."

Not that I felt it would. At the seven o'clock session they were crazy as ever and had finally taken their milk with more energy than grace,

but I had hopes that even their enormous vigor would not stand a whole day of displaying it.

The editor did not even pretend optimism, but we had a pleasant surprise. The calves stood quietly in a corner and when I held out the nipple to one of them he took it gently in his mouth and sucked it dry in most mannerly fashion. The other calf also took his milk without being held, and it seemed to me that the problem of getting them to eat was solved.

What still was ahead of me, however, was whether cow's milk would agree with my babies, for it was doubtless quite different from buffalo milk.

Next day I fed the calves frequently, giving them half a pint or a pint of warm milk at a time. They were always ready for it and often wanted more, but they were getting little exercise and I thought it better to go slowly especially as the cow's milk was only an experiment. I also gave them some green sods and they nibbled a little at the grass. They also nibbled at a bunch of hay that I put in their pen.

No longer did they dash around when I made my appearance. They began to treat me with

The calves have their dinner.

the respect due the head of the commissary department. When I brought their milk, they allowed me to pat them and rub their heads. Alas, this was only cupboard love. When they had finished they had no use for me and if I attempted to keep on caressing them, one of them would butt me vigorously. His plan of attack consisted in leaping forward, bringing the fore feet down with great force (if possible on my toes) and then bringing the lowered head up with all his might. If I dodged, or if he missed me, he would not renew the attack immediately, but if he found his target, he followed up the first blows with several more in rapid succession. I soon learned to respect the calves' wish to let them alone once the food was gone.

As I have said, I did not know whether or not the milk would suit them and I gave it to them in small quantities. To be sure, it disagreed with them a little at first, but if animal psychology is anything like human, they had got their stomachs into such an upset condition by their violent emotions that almost anything would have disagreed. The use of a simple remedy, known to every farmer who has reared

a domestic calf, quickly set them right. After that they did well and gained in weight at the rate of a pound a day, though I did not give them anything like all the milk they would have taken.

For a week or two I kept them in the barn

A patent calf feeder.

where I could watch them for signs of ailment, but as they continued to wax strong and healthy I turned them out into a pasture which had been fenced on purpose for them with six feet of stout woven wire. They ate a considerable quantity of grass but came to me readily whenever I

They allowed me to sit astride their backs.

appeared with the milk bottles. Soon they were so tame that they allowed me to sit astride their backs as they took their food.

In order to see if they would suck the cow, I took her into the pasture with them. They were willing enough, but the cow, who had parted with her calf some time before, would have nothing to do with them. However, when I stood at her head, the young buffaloes sucked her readily enough.

Then I got two patent calf feeders, one with the nipple hanging below and the other with the nipple at the end of a horizontal rod. In three minutes the calves had mastered them and would take their food from either impartially.

CHAPTER VI

TWO NEWCOMERS

WHEN the calves were enough on their good behavior, so that I didn't have to count on surprises in caring for them, I decided it was time to bring my quota back to the number of four, originally planned. So I telephoned Morrison that I was ready, and the next day I drove across Croydon Mountain to help catch them. I selected a little heifer only two weeks old and a frisky little bull of ten days.

We had no adventure in catching them, for we knew pretty well by this time the ways and means to do it, and I was able to get the calves to Sunset Ridge that night.

However, once there, they showed signs of being wilder than War Whoop and Tomahawk, a thing I wouldn't have believed possible if my own eyes hadn't seen it. The little bull was particularly aggressive when I went into the pen which had been made inside the barn. He had all the tricks of the older calves but fortunately for me he had no new ones. So when he erected his tail until it lay over backwards like a squirrel's, lowered his head, struck me smartly on the legs, and then brought his head up with a jerk, he did not knock me off my feet for I was on my guard. At that, he made me black and blue and very sore, but he proved he had spirit and I liked him for it. Through that ten-day-old calf a dying race sent its message to the American people. It spoke of strength and vigor and courage, of a natural fitness to live.

As I thought about him and the other calves, I felt sure that if the American people would but give the buffalo a chance, every bull, every cow, every tawny calf would do its best to carry on. And when the splendid little giant plunged into me again and again, I had to say, "Good for you, you plucky little devil!"

When it came to the question of feeding, the new arrivals were much easier to teach than the older pair had been. It was not necessary to use football tactics on them for, as soon as they were hungry, I held a bottle of milk out to them

A calf butts his milk off its hook.

in turn and they took the nipple and sucked at it with quite an experienced air.

After they had become fairly calm and would allow me to approach without butting or dashing themselves against the walls of the pen, I decided that they could be let out of the barn into a small pasture adjoining the one in which the

other calves were kept. Unfortunately this enclosure had not been made with consideration for the peculiarities of buffalo calves and the result was a serious accident.

The pasture consisted of two open spaces connected by a narrow strip of ground with a fence on each side. Soon after the calves had been put into it I went out with a bottle of milk to feed them as usual. I approached them along the narrow strip and the little heifer in a moment of nervousness slipped past me. Now the buffalo is well know to be a gregarious animal and it is the tendency of buffalo calves to stay together. The running of the heifer started the little bull. He made a furious dash past me to join her, but in passing he tried to swing too wide and dashed into a fence post. Down he fell stunned at my feet. In a moment he recovered and leaped up, striking out vigorously with his hind hoofs and I thought he had had a narrow escape. But, as he turned away, I saw his right foreleg was broken above the knee.

Wounded though he was, he put up a game fight. I had to telephone for men to come and help me catch him, and three minutes after the

accident a man was speeding on his way to town to get a surgeon.

We caught the calf and put him into a crate, and that night, while three of us held him, the surgeon and an assistant set the broken limb in plaster.

Then I made a big mistake. I ordered the animal put in a sling, as a domestic calf would have been treated had it been considered worth the trouble. I expected him to act like a domestic calf and thought I was seeing him through his bad period in the quickest and easiest way. But the little bull, wild as a hawk, could not brook a restraint which he did not understand. He worried himself into a fever and in spite of all we could do he died.

The little heifer calf remained, and I suppose Morrison thought that, having lost her team mate, I should send her back. But I hated to part with her, and on she stayed. The name we gave her was Sacajawea, after the famous Shoshone Indian woman, but partly because the name is long for everyday use and partly because the nickname was considerably more expressive

for her good-natured impudence, we called her Saucy.

Saucy.

I remember my sister came up to Sunset Ridge for a visit and I promised her that she should see the calves at meal time. Purposely their break-

fast was delayed that she might witness the charming sight.

By this time the buffaloes were drinking three quarts of milk at a meal, and as a special proof of my hospitality I told Lilian that she could feed Saucy.

War Whoop and Tomahawk, demonstrative and noisy, took their rations with their usual speed and skill. Then I handed Saucy's bottle over to Lilian. The little heifer drank her milk and plainly asked for more. Or at least she made such a fuss that my sister thought she was asking for more and a fourth quart was provided. She drank half of it, and then taking the nipple between her teeth pulled it as far as it would stretch and let it fly back.

This was one of those occasions where the onlookers have all the fun. Lilian's dress was limp and bedraggled. But she was a good sport. "Well," she said, "they're nice calves all right but their manners are shocking. Next time I feed them I'm going to wear a raincoat."

CHAPTER VII

SOMETHING IS "PUT OVER"

As soon as it was evident to me that my calves were thriving and growing husky on cow's milk and that there was no more "problem" connected with them, I decided that the time had come to teach them what they could do for man in order that he in turn might learn what he could do with them.

My farmer neighbors smiled broadly and prophesied that there would be fun enough to go round before those buffaloes were "broke." But I believed in War Whoop and Tomahawk and I went ahead with my plans.

Of course, as you have seen, buffalo calves are afraid of anything they do not understand. This makes them afraid of a good many things and a halter was one of them. They wouldn't let me get near them when I held it in my hand. However, now as when they were real babies, they would tolerate human attention when they

were hungry and feeding, so after allowing one of them to taste his milk, I pushed the bottle through the nose strap of a halter and held it out to him again. He was suspicious at first, but hunger got the better of him and he took the nipple in his mouth. As he sucked, I gradually drew the bottle back through the nose strap and as gradually his muzzle followed until my editor friend—who had been far more interested in the experiment than he would have me believe—had nothing to do but buckle the other strap about the neck.

The deed was done, so far as we were concerned, but it was only a beginning for the calf. While he had been feeding he had been too much absorbed in the satisfying of his needs to consider seriously whether, in more ways than one, something was being put over on him. Now he noticed the strange encumbrance and he galloped away trying to rid himself of it. When this didn't work, he jumped in the air and shook his head violently. That didn't work either, so, whether the strangeness had worn off or he was deciding to be philosophical about it, he returned to his grazing.

Mr. Baynes and Tomahawk.

I followed the same tack with the other calf, and he acted very much the same. He capered all over the lot like a dog with his first muzzle. But presently he, too, calmed down and began to graze. I left the halters on them so that they might get used to them before they took the next step in their education.

In the meantime, I secured a strong rope with a snap at the end, and in this rope I made hard knots about eighteen inches apart. Next morning, while one of the calves was taking his milk, the rope was snapped on the halter and the fun began.

First of all he bolted, but found himself pulled up short. Then he turned about the enclosure. He knelt down, lay down, threw himself down, he jumped into the air. When he found that none of these methods freed him from the rope, he braced all four feet as firmly as he could as if to say, "Go ahead. Pull me. Try and pull me!" I pulled steadily. He planted his feet more firmly in the mud. I pulled some more, until at last, finding that his neck would not stretch any further, he gave a tremendous leap forward, and intrenched him-

self as before. He did this time and again until he was tired out and so was I. And, remember, I still had the other one to contend with—and I knew it would be the same old story all over again. It was.

For several days I had this tug-o-war, always inside the enclosure. One morning I decided to take one of them for a walk on the road. He refused to follow me and I had to drag him a few feet at a time for about half a mile. The moment we turned round, however, and headed for home, he showed complete approval and pulled me almost as hard as I had had to pull him. After this I took one of them out on the road every day, and every day there was a tussle to get them away and another to keep them from getting back too fast. I think they would have gone with me more quietly except that the calf left behind, aided and abetted by Saucy, always called after the departing one in hoarse aggrieved grunts.

As the animals became heavier, it grew harder and harder to pull them along when they braced their hoofs in the ground. I got over this difficulty to a large extent by having another man

walk behind me on the road, whereupon the calf which was being led trotted by my side with seldom a show of unwillingness. This good behavior lasted until we made the turn for home. As soon as he knew he was going back to his

War Whoop at two years old.

companions, it required all my muscle to prevent a runaway.

Once, when about a mile from home with one of the calves, the halter slipped off his nose and he was held only by a strap around his neck. It took him only a second to find out that something was wrong and that the mistake might very well be in his favor. He set off down the road with

every ounce of strength he possessed, not forgetting to bellow loudly as he ran. I had to let him have it his own way, for I knew that if he stopped pulling straight forward, the neck strap would slip over his head and he would be free.

We linked them together by their halter rings.

Luckily I was able to turn him into a farmyard where I twisted a rope about his neck and held him till the halter could be adjusted.

After each calf had learned to go pretty well alone, we decided to take the two out together.

We made a wooden bar, about two feet long, with a metal snap at each end, and we linked War Whoop and Tomahawk together by their halter rings.

The moment we attempted to lead them, they rushed away, got their feet over the wooden bar, and tied themselves up in such a knot that we were completely tired out when we got them untangled. The bar was never used again for this purpose.

Next time we passed the halter rope of one through the halter ring of the other, and although they did snarl themselves into funny knots it was only a few times before they were able to walk and trot along the road together.

On meeting a wagon or anything they had not seen before, they would swerve around to the side to give it as wide a berth as possible. They would even go over a wall if I did not hold them back by main force. This, of course, was hay in the barn for the farmers, since it was mainly the drivers of farm teams who watched my struggles.

"Ain't given it up yet?" they would call to me, as their docile old nags ambled placidly

along while my restless youngsters were acting as though nothing but violence on their part would save them from perdition.

"Not yet!" I would call back as cheerfully as a man can say it when perspiration is streaming all over him and he wonders how strong his arm sockets really are, and whether they are going to give way under the strain.

The farmers would shake their heads. I was sure they thought me a lunatic and wondered how long it would be before they decided I was getting out of the "harmless" class.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CALVES ARE YOKED—EVENTUALLY

WHEN the youngsters had been out perhaps half a dozen times together and no real casualties had resulted, we procured a little calf yoke for them. After a fifteen-minute scrimmage, we succeeded in yoking the two together. The halters were on their heads and a rope was attached to each halter. As soon as the yoke was fairly adjusted, we let go their heads and away they went to the ends of the ropes. One of them actually turned a somersault, the bows of the yoke broke off close to the beam, and the calves were free. All around them lay the pieces of the yoke, and there was decided triumph in their eyes.

"All right," said I. "What you need is a stronger yoke."

When the new yoke was ready, we went out to introduce it to the team. First of all, however, we fed them a little, and as they were

taking their milk, War Whoop from a calf feeder and Tomahawk from a bottle, we fastened ropes to their halters which they now wore all the time. Of course we knew that our ruse would be perfectly transparent to them in the space of a second or two, and in anticipation of the battle they would be sure to give us, we led them to a tree and coupled them together with our stout two-foot stick that had rings attached to it. The long halter ropes were now passed around the tree and while my assistant held them fast, I undertook to adjust the yoke.

The calves did not like the looks of the thing at all, and they danced about, tugging at the ropes which held them. I was expecting trouble, but I approached them gently, spoke to them reassuringly, and caressed them with one hand while I laid the beam of the yoke across their necks with the other. I said I was expecting trouble, but I wasn't expecting all I got. As I started to pick up one of the bows, my attention relaxed for a second and one of the calves with a vigorous butt threw the beam of the yoke against my face giving me a black eye which would have surely taken the prize at Donny-

brook Fair. I had heard of people seeing stars and rainbows. What I saw was the Northern Lights!

Never mind. In a few minutes more the yoke was on, and even though I had only one eye to view them, the sight of my "team" was worth all the knocks.

At a word, my assistant untwisted the ropes from the tree and, taking one rope in each hand, I proceeded to drive the calves. I soon found that they needed little urging and much restraining. They accepted the yoke but they weren't cheerful about it. Bellowing angrily, they leaped forward down the road, dragging me in their wake, leaning back on the ropes full strength.

At first I only walked, but my strides became longer and longer and faster and faster until I found myself the tail end of a comet which was going at a rate of speed rather too great for my peace of mind. To make matters easier for them and harder for me, it had been raining and the road was wet and slippery. I struggled to retain my precarious footing, for if I actually fell they would make the most of their victory.

At that time the calves were about ten weeks

old, weighed nearly three hundred and fifty pounds, most of it bone and muscle, and as I weighed about a third of this, it was a physical impossibility to pit my strength against theirs with any hope of winning when they both pulled together. So I suddenly let go one rope and threw all my weight on the other.

They found that the yoke did not hurt them.

The result was what I expected. The calf I held on to swung around to the right, and the other, being yoked to him, was obliged to swing with him. Presently they came to a standstill, headed for home, and I walked around them, picked up the other rope and was ready to start

them up again. The first mad rush was over, they were much calmer and, finding that the yoke did not hurt them after all, they jogged along the road side by side, as amiably and as unconcernedly as though they had done it every day for years.

Outward peace and harmony radiated from them until we came to a gap in the fence . . . and they dashed for it. At every gap they did the same thing, announcing in this way that they preferred fields to roads, and it required constant watching on my part to prevent another runaway. Finally, by means of having my assistant walk alongside, heading them off when we came to a gap, we broke them of this habit.

All went well until we were passing a field in which a number of cattle were grazing. Among the lot were two big steers whose reputation was none too savory. The steers at once became interested in the calves and galloped for the fence. The fence itself was flimsy and I knew that if the big fellows broke through and got into the road with my buffaloes there would be a terrible mix-up. I started to urge the calves but they needed no urging. Nervous at the demonstration of the

steers, they broke into a run and away we all went for more than a quarter of a mile before I thought it wise to swing the team around, as I had done before.

My first trial had come off so beautifully that I had not realized it was "beginner's luck." This time, instead of turning neatly about, they got their feet over the ropes and, becoming frightened, tore off down the road again in spite of all I could do. The ropes were so tangled that I could hardly tell which was which, so I decided to let the calves have their heads and run themselves out. I might add that no other decision was left to me.

Holding the ropes just clear of the ground, I jumped in behind my pacemakers and let them pull me along. Down into the long wet grass which grew in the middle of the road, through the slippery mud which covered the sides, we dashed helter-skelter, lickety-split. Once, going down a hill, I stepped on a rolling stone, and I thought I was done for, but a lucky jerk on the ropes straightened me up and I was still among those present.

Then we reached a steep hill and, for the

time being, my troubles were over. The ropes slackened, the panting calves dropped into a trot, and finally into a walk. After straightening them out, I sat down on a stone by the roadside and let them get their breath while I tried to get mine.

So far as I was concerned, I was willing to sit and rest forever. I don't know just what I expected of the calves, but after the wild race they had just given me I could hardly credit their next performance—which was to graze steadily and calmly on the roadside grass. Evidently they had only been startled and not seriously frightened.

All the way home they trotted quietly, evenly, and never showed the least inclination to bolt. They went down to the barn as though a frayed nerve had never troubled them, and we unyoked them and turned them loose in the pasture.

CHAPTER IX

THE TEAM IS PUT IN HARNESS

After that first tumultuous race, I had the calves out several times, and while they still showed a strong inclination to leave the road via every gap in every fence, and while they still would give practically any moving object its half of the road, they were well behaved on the whole. Of course they were only youngsters and while they had more strength than mere age would indicate I didn't want to overtax them. During the midsummer, when the weather was hot, I let their training relax almost to a standstill, preferring to start them all over again in the cool of autumn if I had to, than to taking chances on their overexerting themselves in the summer sun.

With the cool weather, the training started in again. The calves were very much changed in appearance now. The tawny hair which had covered their bodies when they were born began

to fall out in the summer, and by fall it had entirely disappeared, except about the ankles. In its place they had dark brown coats, daily growing longer and warmer in anticipation of winter.

I found they had forgotten most of what they had learned, but that was to be expected. School teachers report the same thing of their pupils after the long vacation. Yet, as in the case of children getting back to the school frame of mind, they showed that they remembered some things and quickly re-learned the rest. I now determined to break them to harness as well.

By this time I had heard all the arguments of my neighbors. Here, as everywhere else in the world, were people ready to tell what could not be done, and I knew that no matter how well the calves behaved in the yoke, some prophet would be sure to arise and tell me that it would be impossible to guide them with a bit. By the same token, I knew that if they went ever so well in double harness, it would be said that they would never work singly, or vice versa. I determined, then, to order single and double and rid myself of many prognostications. When you

have your hands full raising buffaloes, and when, in spite of a few outward signs that look contrary, you can see the improvement in them day by day, when your dream seems just around the corner, it is of no help to listen to bromide pessimisms.

So I sent for a harness maker and had the calves measured. I say "measured" because the man actually did arrive one morning with a tape and he was very business-like about it when he was talking to me. I took him down, showed him the buffaloes, tethered them for him, but, after watching their antics for a few minutes he decided that he could "estimate" their measurements and this he did. The harness had to be returned more than once for alterations, for my team really needed its equipment "custom made," but at last it fitted and they were ready for their work.

To make their outfitting complete, I ordered a cart, too, one on which a pair of shafts and a pole were interchangeable.

When the harness arrived I thought it would be best to try one of the buffaloes at a time in single harness at first. The cart was not yet ready

and, of course, I should not have used it if it had been.

War Whoop was the first victim. I led him to a tree and having secured him with a rope and halter I proceeded with the help of an assistant to put on the harness. He kicked . . . not only hard and often but remarkably straight as well.

At last the harness was on his back.

We had to do more than a little dodging to keep his feet from being planted on us. We had to move oftener than he did, as a matter of fact, for he knew when he was going to take aim and we didn't. It was then that I seriously considered changing his name from War Whoop to Battle

Front. I didn't think War Whoop did his talents justice.

At last, however, the harness was on his back, the bit was in his mouth. For a moment he didn't do anything. He stood quite steady in his tracks and a slight application of the whip brought no action. I applied it a bit harder. That was my hint that he wasn't doing what I wanted him to do. Then he gave me his hint that he knew all about that, but didn't much care. He deliberately lay down just as if he had been trained to do just that thing. I tried all kinds of persuasion but evidently his mind was made up, and he looked for all the world as though he was deciding to settle the matter by going to sleep then and there. Probably he would have, had I not thought of a way to move him.

While I do not consider myself in any sense a good mimic of wild animals, there are some imitations that I have got fairly well. One of these is the screech of a wildcat. Not long ago I hid in a wildcat cave which I knew was to be explored by a hunting party. By giving my imitation at the right moment I disorganized the

party and, incidentally, nearly got shot for my folly. Going close to the recumbent buffalo, I gave that screech and the effect was magical. He was on his feet instantly, and almost before I could grip the reins he was going up the road, bellowing at every leap. I ran, too, for I had no choice, but very soon I drew him in and, with the exception of a few balks from time to time when his dignity required him to sulk under the bit, he went for three miles as though he rather liked it.

Next day we put the harness on Tomahawk. His tactics were quite different from those of War Whoop. Instead of lying down, he sprang away the moment he was given his head, kicking, buck jumping, bellowing, and snorting, until it seemed that he would have to stop from sheer exhaustion. He kept it up until his sides heaved and his tongue hung six inches out of his mouth, but I managed to keep his head pointed away from home and gradually he became more quiet. These peaceful spells didn't last long. After a minute or two of getting his breath, he would start kicking and bucking as before. I dared not take him more than a mile on the road

for fear that he might injure himself in his struggles, so I turned him homeward. It was a circus all the way to the gate. Then he stopped, let me take off the harness without fuss, and began to nibble grass.

The following day, after taking him out for a mile or two, I turned him loose in the pasture with his harness on that he might become used to it. Eventually he did, but not until he had tired himself out, bucking, kicking, and rolling on the ground in a vain but persistent effort to rid himself of his burden.

CHAPTER X

AND EVEN HITCHED TO A CART

In the meantime the local wheelwright had been at work on the cart. He had been up to see the calves, and I gave him few instructions beyond telling him that the number of wheels must be limited to two and that the vehicle must be strong enough so that an express train would come off second best in an encounter with it. It was to be ready on a certain day at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I was to take one of the calves down to his shop, two miles away, and draw the cart home. This, I can see now, amounted to sheer bravado. I knew that in a country town we could not escape observation and I didn't know how the buffalo would feel about the cart.

It so happened that Tomahawk had had his outing for the day, and so I took War Whoop to town. Being meticulous about promises myself, I fully expected that the cart would be waiting

for me and that all I would have to do would be to hitch up and drive home. The cart wasn't ready. It needed two hours' more work on it before it would be fit to use. Any one who has ever had an automobile in a repair shop will know the whole line of argument.

So I had to hitch War Whoop to a tree outside the shop and wait. I had counted on being observed as I went home, but the eagle eyes of a small boy had seen us on our way to the village and in less than ten minutes after our arrival there was a crowd in front of that shop that would have done justice to a three-ring side show. Even a herd of cows in the field across the road left their grazing and chewing and came to the fence to stare at that funny little beast.

But if War Whoop looked strange to the crowd, they looked even stranger to him, and he began to fret, then to kick, and presently he lay down and rolled on his harness to show his sense of outrage.

At six o'clock the cart was ready. It was strong enough, certainly, and I would have been sorry for the express train which dared collide

War Whoop and Tomahawk at the age of three.

with it. It was far too heavy, but there was no time just then to argue about that. The first thing was to hitch up.

War Whoop, having had his fill of strange sights and sounds, now considered the cart as the camel did the last straw. He wouldn't let us bring it anywhere near him. It took six of us, struggling desperately for half an hour, to get him into the shafts. When he found he could not get out of it, he tried his old strategy of lying down on the road. As soon as everything was ready, all hands stood clear and I gave the buffalo a slap with the ends of the reins. As he jumped to his feet I sprang into the cart. Heavy as it was, he seemed literally to lift it as he gathered his powerful limbs beneath him, and as I looked back over the tailboard to wave adieu to the men who had helped me, the crowd was already growing rapidly smaller in the ever-increasing distance.

There were no mishaps on the way home. In fact, we arrived in such good order that I could hardly wait until the morrow to try the two calves together. But War Whoop had done a good day's work and he deserved his reward. I

turned him out into pasture and, as the pole was not yet ready, I went to the house to think out a way in which I could conduct my experiment without it.

I did get an idea and it looked reasonable. In the morning I put it into practice. I yoked the calves together, put on the bridles and reins, and tied one end of a stout rope to the ring of the yoke. The rear end of the cart was then backed up within reach of this rope, the other end of which I tied to the axle. My plan was to have my assistant walk behind holding up the shafts and steering the cart while I guided the calves with the reins.

I was secretly proud of my ingenuity, but the calves were not. At the first bump of the wheels upon a stone, the little imps, now weighing nearly three hundred and fifty pounds apiece, plunged forward and, pull as I would, I soon realized that I was no match for them. They simply tore the reins out of my hands. My assistant was game and held on to the shafts in spite of my shouts to "Let go!" He stuck to his post until he was jerked off his feet. Not until he had been dragged along the

road for more than fifty yards did he obey orders.

Freed from his weight the buffaloes increased their speed and the cart, now having nothing to guide it, shot from one side of the road to the other and back again. Presently it struck a clump of bushes and turned end over end. The calves, bellowing with fright, galloped too fast to give it a chance to right itself. The seat split in two, was flung to one side of the road, and the broken shafts flew to the other. There would not have been enough of that sturdy cart to start a fire with had not the rope parted, allowing the vehicle to take a final plunge into a group of saplings where it lay still as though completely tired out. The calves raced on for a little while but as the pace was hot and as the noise which had urged them to it had ceased, they began to slow up, and soon I was able to overtake them and pick up the reins.

Next day the cart went back to the shop for repairs, and I, learning wisdom, hitched the calves to a heavy stone boat which they dragged for three miles along the country roads. When they got home they were tired but they had

learned to throw their weight into a yoke and pull a load without getting excited about it. They had also learned that when they had got a

The calves hitched to a stone boat.

leg over the rope by which they drew their load it was more comfortable to lift that leg back again than to go on pulling with the rope sawing

against the skin. A few more lessons of this kind, and they were ready for another trial with the cart which had been returned to me with a new pair of shafts and a pole.

I was now willing to make plenty of allowance for the strength of my team, and I was determined that it should not run away again. In the first place, the habit was a bad one for the calves, and in the next place, it might be equally bad for any cart or animal that chanced to be on the road when they were in a runaway mood. So before hitching them up I chained the stone boat to the axle of the cart. Then I put on the yoke and the bridles and, taking a firm hold of the reins, I turned the heads of the calves up the road.

They plunged forward, bent on running clean away with the noisy bumping cart, but after three yards they began to feel the dragging weight of the stone boat. For a minute or two they persisted in trying to gallop, but the load was too great. They slowed down and seemed glad to keep to that pace.

When they had gone about half a mile I threw off the chain which held the stone boat and,

jumping quickly back to the seat of the cart, set the brake with my foot before the calves knew that a change had taken place. With brake and bit I held them in until we reached a level piece of road along which I had half a mile of clear view. Then I took my foot off the brake and gave the imps their heads.

Away they raced, heads down, tails in the air, and I let them go. The rattling of the cart urged them on but I did not make a move of any kind until we began to approach the crest of a hill. Then it was down on the brakes and a steady pull on the reins until the calves slowed to a trot, then to a walk, and I had the thing I had been working for—a team of buffalo calves really under control, a convincing bit of evidence that the buffalo can be domesticated and added to our list of draught animals.

CHAPTER XI

ALL ABOUT SAUCY

It seems to me, and perhaps it seems to you, that Saucy has been neglected in this narrative. The truth is that so absorbed was I in the main experiment of making the bull calves into useful beasts of burden that the little heifer received comparatively little attention, and was allowed to grow up Topsy-fashion "anyhow." Nevertheless, her bodily welfare was not neglected, and undoubtedly she was the fattest little calf within ten miles.

Saucy was actually only two weeks younger than War Whoop and Tomahawk, but she was considerably smaller, as female calves are. Although they were all born of different parents, Saucy adopted War Whoop and Tomahawk as her brothers and bestowed a sisterly affection on them.

In color she was exactly the same as they were, but her fur was softer and more beautiful. She

was more comely all around. Her hump was not so high and her horns were neither so long nor so thick as those of the bull calves. Though she had been handled much less, she was never as skittish or as finicky as they were. She and the little bull who died gave me no argument at all the first time I fed them milk. She was quite fearless and there was a roguish look in her eyes which made every one want to hug her. It is only fair to add that there was a tendency to lightness in her hind feet which made most people refrain from doing so.

From the very beginning Saucy seemed bright and showed more character than either of the bull calves. I have said that she and the other calf were quicker than War Whoop and Tomahawk to take their food from me. Saucy was the quickest of them all. She seemed to get the point of my visit almost at once and it was her amenability, perhaps, which induced the little bull to act in similar fashion.

If I went into the pasture and they were all lying down, she was the first to jump to her feet and face me. Usually she would toss her pretty head two or three times in the manner which

gave her her nickname. Then would come a couple of little grunts; she would throw her short tail in the air, and gallop toward me with her mouth open and ready to receive her bottle of milk.

Ready for their bottles of milk.

As a young calf, Saucy was given to butting very much less than either War Whoop or Tomahawk, but perhaps this was because she considered kicking much more effective. At any rate, the bottoms of her hoofs were in sight on

the slightest provocation, and often enough without any visible provocation at all. Many a time have I seen her, when driven to a corner, with the other calves about her, deliberately kick her way out, rapping the bulls right and left. And many a time when she had to pass close to me she gave me a good one on the leg just by way of showing me that I must not presume too much on our acquaintanceship. In short, a smart kick seemed to be her trump card and she played it whenever she was in doubt as well as when she was sure it was necessary.

What endeared her to me was her intense loyalty to her brothers. All buffaloes are clannish. It is as natural for them as it is for monkeys to swing on trees. But Saucy seemed to have an additional loyal streak. When I first began to take the bulls out on the road with a halter, she was very much distressed and by her repeated grunts of disapproval made the others difficult to manage. They weren't enthusiastic about the program I was mapping out for them anyhow, and Saucy's grunts never brought them peace of mind. As soon as they heard her, they

would answer her promptly, and they would have rejoined her if it had not been for the high wire fence.

When I had the bulls out, Saucy would wander about disconsolately, nibbling at grass listlessly, and making little noises to indicate that she felt she was indeed the stepchild of our family. Had the bulls been able to tell her that, in their opinion, what she was missing was no treat, she might have perked up a bit. As it was, she meandered around until she heard us returning.

The moment we came in sight, Saucy was there to greet us. Unless she was kept back, there was trouble. By themselves, the calves were placid when they came to the end of their journeys, and I could unhitch them with ease. But if Saucy were there, nagging at them for leaving her, and complaining in her soft little voice that they had all the outings and she had none, they would grow restless, and as she galloped toward them, her indignation increasing if the tone of her grunts was anything to go by, they would become harder to manage.

It's ahead of my story but it's Saucy own yarn,

so once when War Whoop and Tomahawk were away for five days, it nearly broke the little heifer's heart. At first she could not believe she had been deserted, and wandered around in her aimless kill-time fashion until she thought it time for her brothers to be coming home. When

After a heavy snow fall.

they didn't appear she began to worry. She walked up and down along the fence, often standing on her hind legs in an effort to get through it. When at last the bulls returned, she was so glad to see them that she forgot her reproaches. In fact, she was almost beside herself with joy and it seemed that she would never

Saucy greets her brothers.

tire of caressing them and of licking their fur.

Then I made an addition to my buffalo range. It consisted of a good-sized barnyard with running water, and gave the calves access to a part of the barn where they would be able to get a meal of hay at any time after the first heavy snowfall.

One day I took the team out for an eight-mile drive and, as usual, Saucy was left behind, fuming and grunting. I had gone about half a mile when I noticed the buffaloes were getting restless and pricking up their ears. In a few moments there was a patter of hoofs, an indignant little grunt, and the heifer galloped up. She planted herself squarely across our path and would not allow us to proceed until she had kissed her brothers and licked their faces. This ceremony over, she accompanied us during the whole of the drive, sometimes in front and sometimes close alongside but always so near that she appeared to be hitched to the cart.

I thought, of course, that some one had accidentally let her out of the enclosure, but when I returned I found that she had jumped onto a

high stone wall just inside the new wire fence, thence over the fence itself, landing on the road more than four feet below. She had fought her battle for "women's rights" and the first victory, at least, was hers.

CHAPTER XII

THE FIRST FAIR

It was not long after I began to drive my newly trained buffaloes about the countryside that letters started to come in from various fair associations asking on what terms, if any, the calves could be secured as attractions for the coming agricultural fairs. Since all the training had been for the purpose of showing farmers that buffaloes are stronger and more tireless than the domestic draught animals in common use, I entered the team for the Sullivan County Fair which was to be held about ten miles from my home. As they knew no other driver, I had to agree to do the driving.

The fair was to run three days beginning the third of October. The day before, I had the two burly infants bundled into separate crates, put aboard a two-horse truck and shipped to the fair grounds.

The rumbling and jolting of the truck must

have been a strange and startling experience for the youngsters, for they had long since forgotten their ride from Corbin Park on the first hectic day that we made them captive. They took considerable comfort, however, from the fact that they were together. Neither one could see the other but all through the drive, which lasted five hours, War Whoop would call to Tomahawk and Tomahawk would reply. Each time the truck bumped over a stone or a rut, one of the calves would give a deep-chested grunt which, in most cases, was answered at once by a grunt from his traveling companion. If the answer did not come immediately, the inquiry was repeated and seldom failed to bring a response.

As the team passed through the country towns and villages on the way, the inhabitants, attracted by the appearance of the big crates, would stop and peer curiously. "Animals going to the fair!" Then one of the calves would grunt. "Oh!" contemptuously, "it's only pigs."

The calves arrived at the fair grounds some time after dark, and snorted and grunted at the strange sounds and odors which assailed their

senses. They uttered queer inquiries to each other and it was plain that they were not at all sure the new environment was going to be pleasing to them.

A roomy pen had been built for them close to the half-mile track. It had wide double gates so that there would be no chance of hitting the posts when they were being driven out. I was present at the unloading but it had no high lights. The calves backed quietly out of their crates and in every other way behaved with perfect decorum.

I knew they were hungry and I procured milk for them on the grounds. "All right, War Whoop—here's your supper." He would have none of it.

I presented Tomahawk's bottle with an admonition to him not to be influenced by his partner's bad example. He sniffed once or twice and walked away.

There they were—what every advertiser longs for—customers "refusing to accept substitutes" for the brand of milk to which they were accustomed.

It was impossible for me to cart their own cow

over just to provide their meals. "See here," I said, "you'll have to get over this fussiness. You're going to do a lot of traveling from now on and I haven't a portable cow." Then I gave them a pail of water and an armful of hay and left them for the night.

As is usual, the crowd on the first morning of the fair was small, but the calves needed toning down after several days of idleness, so I yoked them up, hitched them to the stone boat, and took them out for about a mile. They were feeling frisky, and the spirited way in which they marched along with their load drew many favorable comments from the farmers who watched. "How old are they?" was a constant question.

"Five months."

Always there would be considerable surprise that at their age they could do the work they were doing.

had a question to ask, too. "Ever seen domestic steers their age that could draw such a heavy load as easily as these calves do it?" Every one admitted that he hadn't, and many went so far as to say that no domestic steers of

five or six months could approach the young buffaloes in the matter of strength.

I had been wondering how long they were going to be finicky about their milk, but the second time I offered it they took it. Evidently they felt it was better than nothing at all. In-

The Buffalo Team.

deed, before the fair was over, they were drinking the milk of Jerseys, Holsteins, Red Polled, Ayrshires and Herefords, and making no distinction among the various kinds.

After each exhibition I used to feed them, and an amused crowd would gather to watch them suck their bottles.

In the afternoon I took the team out again, yoked as before, but this time drawing the cart instead of the drag. Again they made a hit with their easy rapid walking and trotting, and the farmers were now quite willing to admit that buffaloes were far ahead of steers in the matter of speed, a fact I had never doubted since the calves had first come into my hands.

Each day I took my team out twice, sometimes drawing a barrel of apples on the stone boat, sometimes pulling a load of hay with a couple of boys on the top, and again with just one buffalo in single harness hitched to a pony cart borrowed for the occasion.

At last came the big day when thousands were present, when the grandstands were packed, when the infield was crowded, and when the fences surrounding the track were lined six deep with spectators. Then I made up my mind that these people should see how even infant buffaloes could travel when put to the test.

Securing a lighter cart than I had heretofore used, I hitched up War Whoop and Tomahawk in a handsome set of double harness and awaited the signal of the Grand Marshal. It seemed as

though the little fellows themselves knew that something unusual was coming, for they champed their bits, tossed their shaggy heads, lashed out with their hind feet, and showed in every way they could think of their impatience to be off.

The signal came, and as I took my seat I heard the band strike up the stirring old cavalry charge, "The Buffalo Stampede." While one attendant held my plunging rascals by their bridles another threw the double gates wide open. A large crowd had gathered about the pen to see the team hitched up but as the hairy brown demons sprang through the open gates that crowd parted even as the Red Sea is said to have parted to accommodate the Israelites.

Around the track we swept, the calves loping with an easy stride and finding time to impress the onlookers by throwing their hind feet over the dash board now and then, or shying from pure deviltry halfway across the track as they passed a big policeman working to keep the crowd back of the line.

As we turned into the stretch, I slackened my hold on the reins, and the calves increased their

speed to a gallop. Like the thoroughbreds they were, they fought for their heads, and a moment later I threw the reins on their backs and let them go.

The cart jumped beneath me as a pebble at the end of a string. The gritty little beasts laid their bellies to the ground, and went down past the grandstand in a whirl of dust raised by their flying hoofs. I did not see the crowd, for my eyes were on the buffaloes, but plainly did I hear the quick rushing sound as with one move ten thousand people rose to their feet before breaking into a cheer for my youngsters.

If ever a convincing demonstration of the power of the buffalo was given to a skeptical people, that last day in New Hampshire did it.

War Whoop and Tomahawk, back in their pens, sucked placidly at their bottles, but around them surged and milled thousands of people who had witnessed their triumph from the grandstand and were now anxious to see them at close range. They had proved that their cause was worth winning.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOSTON SHOW

After the New Hampshire fair, the requests for the calves at similar events began to deluge me, but their success in one place argued well for their success elsewhere, so I agreed to take them to the Sportsman's Show in Boston.

The day before they were to start, War Whoop and Tomahawk stood in wide-eyed astonishment watching two men working on the fence which surrounded the enclosure. Under their capable fingers it rose higher and stronger, and all because of Saucy. She still insisted on trying to follow the bulls whenever they started out without her. Lately, when they had (according to Saucy's idea of it) taken to staying days at a time, she renewed her vocal pleas and her physical efforts not to be left behind.

Next morning when War Whoop and Tomahawk were led out of the yard, Saucy made a plunge for the open gate, only to find it slammed

rudely in her face. With her short tail straight in the air, she galloped up and down the enclosure, snorting and grunting; every now and then she would rush at the fence, and either stand on her hind legs and look over it, or lie down and try to scramble underneath. Saucy had not paid as much attention to the workmen as the other two calves had, but now she began to understand that they had done their part well in the conspiracy against her. The fence was impassable.

Soon a team of heavy gray horses pulled away from Sunset Ridge drawing the crates of War Whoop and Tomahawk, and as the team passed down the road, a sorrowful hairy little face pressed itself close to the wire fence of the buffalo yard. For several minutes, above the rumble of the truck, we could hear the grunts of the departing team. Every grunt was heard and answered by the disconsolate Saucy. At last the truck was out of sight, the sounds of farewell died away, and Saucy, after battling for an hour or two with the pitiless fence, lay down by the gate in despair.

"Men must work and women must weep," I told her. "Remember they've come back before.

Saucy, War Whoop and Tomahawk.

They'll be back again." But none of the cajoling in my voice served to reassure her at all.

The next time I saw the team was on the day before the opening of the show. They were in a pen in the basement of the Mechanics Building and were munching hay with as little concern as though they were on their own New Hampshire range.

I opened the pen door. "War Whoop . . . Tomahawk. . . ." I called gently.

Never before had they shown the slightest affection for me, but now, after we had been separated for three days, they ran to me and sniffed at my clothing. I petted them a while, put the yoke on them, hitched them up to the cart, and drove them out on the floor of the basement.

Here had been made a larger enclosure with a stout rail fence about it, and in this it was proposed that the team should be driven twice a day during the show. I expected that the youngsters, not having been hitched up for some time, and being now surrounded by strange sounds, sights, and odors, would naturally be a trifle unruly. Not a bit of it. Their first ex-

perience at the Sullivan County Fair had evidently been enough to make real troupers of them and they trotted quietly around the enclosure, curiously eyeing two Indian girls who watched them over the fence.

But the floor was of smooth cement and slippery, and every now and then one of the calves would go to its knees or haunches as it tried to make a turn.

The next day the show opened and that evening the shaggy sons of War Cloud and Rain-in-the-Face made their "bow" to a Boston assembly. At half past seven, the hour set for their appearance, there was a rush for the basement and the crowd stood several deep all around the larger enclosure. They were to be driven in the yoke on this occasion and in a few minutes they were ready to start.

The halters were thrown off, and a big cheer went up from the crowd as at the word "Haw" from their driver, Bill Morrison, the calves swung to the left, circled their pen, and entered the larger enclosure at a sharp trot. The enthusiasm of the spectators seemed infectious and the calves increased their speed to a canter

Tomahawk shedding his winter coat.

which, had there been half a chance, would have soon become a gallop.

But they were on treacherous ground. As they attempted to make the second turn, their hard hoofs flew from under them on the slippery floor, and down they went in a heap. A few rowdies laughed at this, but there was an answering murmur of protest from all about the enclosure, and many sharp criticisms of the management for failing to have tan bark on the floor. After that, the calves were driven at a walk, but even when walking they impressed every one with their strength and vigor.

Here I was asked the same question, "How old are they?" not only that evening but throughout the entire show. The answer "Eight months," was always received with surprise and sometimes with open incredulity.

What created the most astonishment, perhaps, was their docility. In spite of their formidable names, their shaggy coats, wild eyes, and fierce-looking horns, they were almost, if not quite, as quiet as average domestic steers. They were spirited, of course, but not vicious. Women and children patted their heads and thrust their

fingers out of sight in the long soft wool, and the calves made no attempt to kick or butt. Truly they had come a long way in the matter of temperament since the night the editor and I had attempted to give them their first meal.

It had taken me many days of patient trial to get them used to harness. Now they allowed themselves to be harnessed and unharnessed by men who were strangers to them and there was never any trouble.

After the first day or two, the yoke was practically discarded and the team appeared twice a day in double harness. They made a handsome turnout in their silver-mounted bridles set off by the rich brown fur, and with the picturesque figure of Morrison on the box. It was small wonder that hundreds of people wanted to ride behind them. Doctors, lawyers, judges, engineers, college professors, all scrambled over the sides like schoolboys.

Judged by any standard, War Whoop and Tomahawk were being a great success.

Morrison on the box.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAST APPEARANCE

THESE exhibitions had two effects on the farmers, one, the swift conviction that the calves were as speedy and strong as I said they were; the other, that while they were docile now, there was no telling how long they would be. It reminded me somewhat of a conversation that was repeated to me as having taken place between two New Hampshire farmers as they stood on the steps of the general store.

"Seen them buffalo calves Baynes drives?" inquired one.

"Yes," retorted the other, "but thet ain't quite the way to put it. Baynes hitches 'em up and they take him where they d—— please."

There was just enough truth in this to make all my dealings with the calves a series of adventures, and I didn't blame the farmers for being skeptical when they watched War Whoop

kicking out with his heels or Tomahawk showing his skill with his horns.

But they continued to grow more tractable; ladies began to drive them without trepidation; they got over their scare of vehicles and passed automobiles without so much as a wag of their ears. All they needed was to see and hear and smell plenty of strange things and to learn by experience that none of these things would harm them. The biggest single step in their conditioning was their exhibition at the agricultural fairs. As you have seen, they learned quickly what was expected of them and came through with flying colors every time.

At the New England fair in Worcester, Massachusetts, I wanted to show their ability as draught animals, so I challenged all domestic steers of the same age to contests of speed and strength. It was in vain. Once or twice a cattleman would consider the proposition, but after he had looked the buffaloes over he would think of excellent reasons why he couldn't let his animals compete with them. So I was obliged to let the buffaloes go it alone, which they did to the satisfaction of everybody and even kindled in the

breasts of two spectators the desire to start buffalo farms of their own.

Of the thousands of people who visited the enclosure during this fair, perhaps no one enjoyed the novelty more than a blind young woman who came with an elderly man and asked if she might feel the animals since she could not see them. I led her up to Tomahawk, who stood there uncertain whether to use his horns or to run away. He did neither. Instead he remained motionless while the girl passed her hand over his head and neck and down his fore legs, and then, as if satisfied that no harm could come from her gentle touch, he heaved a long breath and proceeded to chew his cud.

The young woman seemed to understand his attitude and laughed. She also smiled when she felt the curves of his formidable horns, and when the buffalo blinked as she passed her hands over his eyes. She expressed great surprise at the length of the hair on his forehead and at the length and softness of the wool upon his shoulders.

By this time Tomahawk grew tired, not at all of the examination but of the stillness that he

seemed to know was expected of him. So he presently dropped to his knees and lay down and the blind girl knelt to finish her examination.

What with the brass bands, the hurdy-gurdies, horse races, steam calliopes, and the ravings of "The Wild Man, Captured in the Swamps of Australia," the fair ground was an exciting place for unsophisticated buffaloes, but they had been to fairs before and were taking all these unusual happenings as something quite ordinary. The real excitement, for them and for everybody else, happened the day after the fair closed. They had been such a drawing card that some well-intentioned people approached me with a new plan for them.

On that day a lawn party was to be held some three miles from the city for the benefit of a children's hospital, and the committee in charge thought that if War Whoop and Tomahawk could appear on their program it would be a great attraction. Although the experiment required a drive of two and a half miles through the streets of Worcester, I agreed to it.

Nothing happened until a trolley car came rolling along. This was something new, and the

buffaloes hopped up on the sidewalk while the pedestrians hopped—well, anywhere they could. I got them straightened out and on their way again when, in rapid succession, we encountered three empty coal wagons, a bicycle, two automobiles, another street car, a steam roller, and a detachment of the Salvation Army. I thought certainly I was going to lose them and myself in one grand mêlée. But, as at the fair where there were a multitude of strange noises and objects, the buffaloes calmed down a trifle, and while they weren't exactly placid, we at least arrived at the hospital grounds without accident.

Here there was a constant parade of arriving and departing automobiles, and for a little while neither War Whoop nor Tomahawk approved of the surroundings at all. However, as nothing serious happened to them and as the automobiles seemed to be ignoring them completely, the high-strung pair began to get over their restlessness, and so successfully did they do it that when they found themselves wedged in between two thumping, panting motor cars they stood as unconcerned as a pair of fire horses.

It speaks well for their docility that they

earned money for the hospital by taking children around the grounds at so much a head. Most of the time the children did the driving while their fond parents looked on.

It wasn't until the calves were two and a half years old and making their last appearance at a fair that I got the chance I had so often tried for of seeing them pit their skill against domestic draught animals. This was in Waterville, Maine, and there were two hundred and fifty teams of steers on the fair grounds. I issued my challenge to all for a contest of speed on the track. At first nobody would accept it, but presently a young farmer, a good sport, came to me with a counter proposition. He said he had no *team* that he could race against me but that he had a single steer that was a wonder. It was broken to the sulky and was a demon for speed. If I would race one of my buffaloes against his steer he would take up my challenge. Of course I agreed.

When the farmer saw the calves he admitted that he had small chance of winning but he was a good sport and he said he would go through with it. I selected War Whoop to uphold the

honor of his clan. The result was not in doubt for a moment. At the very first jump, the son of War Cloud thrust his hairy face in front and never again did the steer have anything but a rear view of him. At every stride of his easy rolling gallop the buffalo left his adversary farther behind, and before he romped down past the

Driving the team for the last time.

grandstand at the finish, he had opened up a gap which included nearly half the course.

As I have said, this was the last appearance of my calves. They were trained to awaken interest in the American Bison Society and they had more than done their share. In Worcester

alone they aroused so much enthusiasm that the money collected for the Society almost put it on its feet. They had showed not only what they could do, but what every buffalo could do, and if there is ever a contest to show the relative strength of the buffalo and the ox, weight for weight, I think I know what the result will be.

From Waterville I took them back to Saucy. I let them have their usual joyous reunion. Then I brought all three of them back to the Corbin Herd. Their work was over. We drove to Croydon Range, and they went quietly this time over the same path they had once traveled with such resentment. Bill Morrison opened the gates of the corral. War Whoop, Tomahawk, and Saucy were back with their own once more.

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